

GIVE THE HOGS A CHANCE

Hogs will make the cheapest growth when they get three fourths of their feed from pasture. This pasture should not be grass, but some legume or rape. Hogs grown on such pasture can be brought to the pork stage for from two thirds to one half the cost when on dry feed. They have better bone and muscle, fewer lice, and instead of lying down and breathing dust, they are nosing about with the herbage and breathing pure air. They are healthier, stronger; the sows will have more pigs and better ones, and the danger of cholera is less. One Ohio man who has hundreds of hogs all the time has kept his hogs in this way for fourteen years without a case of cholera. The dry hog pen is bad when it is dry and when it is wet it is a pest hole. Let the hog have a chance and he is likely to be both clean and healthy.



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Let us share your responsibility. Our store is stocked with many necessities for "Little Men" and "Little Women," at prices that are reasonable.

For receiving their clothes—

Diamond Dyes

Take the little dresses and suits that are stained or faded, put them in a bath of Diamond Dyes—they will come out new. 10c. a Package.

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NOTICE TO THE FARMERS

We are paying the highest price for Hides, Pelts and Beeswax, four cents for old Rubber, seven cents for old Metals, forty cents per hundred for Cast Iron. None of the peddlers work for me, so do not give away to the peddlers, but bring them to the

Logan, Hide & Junk Co.
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Phone 62

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Attorney-At-Law
Office Over First National Bank

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Physician & Surgeon
Office over Cardon Jewelry Store. Hours, 9-10 a. m., 2-4 and 7-8 p. m.

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REMEDIES

For Sore Throat And Canker. Ask your Druggist for TONSOLA and take no substitute

MOLLY McDONALD
A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By
RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.
Illustrations by
J. L. Barnes

Burning with impatience as Hamlin was, fearful that every additional moment of delay might increase the girl's danger, he was yet soldier and plainsman enough to realize the wisdom of the old scout. There were at least four men in the party pursued, two of them Indian warriors, the two whites desperate characters. Without doubt they would put up a fierce fight, or, if warned in time, could easily scatter and disappear.

"Of course you are right, Sam," he replied promptly. "Only I am so afraid of what may happen to Miss Molly." "Forget it. That's nuthin' goin' ter happen to her while the bunch is on the move. If that outfit was all Injun, or all white, maybe that might. But the way it is they'll never agree or nuthin', 'cept how to git away. 'T ain't likely they ever meant ter kill the Major, 'er take the girl erlong. Them things just naturally happened, an' now they're scared stiff. It'll take a day or two for 'em to make up their minds what to do."

"What do you imagine they will decide, Sam?" "Well, that's all guesswork. But I reckon I know what I'd do if I was in that sort 'o fix an' bein' chased fer murder an' robbery. I'd take the easy way; make fer the nearest Injun village, an' leave the girl thar."

"You mean Black Kettle's camp?" "I reckon; he's down thar on the Canadian somewhar. You kin bet those fellars know whar, an' thet's what they're aimin' for, unless this yere Dupont has some hidin' out scheme of his own. Whar did you say he ranched?"

"Buffalo Creek." "That's the same neighborhood; must 've been in cahoots with those red devils to have ever run cattle in thar. We've got to head 'em off afore they git down into that knirry, or we won't have no scalps to go back home with. Let's mosey erlong, boys."

The day grew dark and murky as they moved steadily forward, the wind blew cold from out the northwest, the heavy canopy of cloud settled lower in a frosty fog, which gradually obscured the landscape. This mist became so thick that the men could scarcely see a hundred yards in any direction, and Hamlin placed a pocket compass on his saddle-pommel. The trail was a wide streak of alkali, but what few signs remained convinced Wesson that the fugitives were still together, and riding southward. Under concealment of the fog his previous caution relaxed, and he led the way at a steady trot, only occasionally drawing rein to make certain there was no division of the party ahead. The alkali powdered them from head to foot, clinging to the horses' hides, reddening and blinding the eyes, poisoning the lips dry and parched with thirst. The two troopers swore grimly, but the Sergeant and scout rode in silence, bent low over their pommels, eyes strained into the mist ahead. It was not yet dark when they rode in between the first sand-dunes, and Wesson, pulling his horse up short, checked the others with up-lifted hand.

"Thar'll be a camp here soon," he said, swinging down from the saddle, and studying the ground. "The wind has 'bout blotted it all out, but you kin see yere back o' this ridge whar they turned in, an' they was walkin' their horses. Gittin' pretty tired, I reckon. We might as well stop yere too, Sergeant, an' eat some cold grub. You two men spread her out, an' rub down the hosses, while Hamlin an' I poke about a bit. Better find out all we kin, 'Brick,' fore it gets dark."

He started forward on the faint trail, his rifle in the hollow of his arm, and the Sergeant ranged up beside him. The sand was to their ankles, and off the ridge summit the wind swirled the sharp grit into their faces. "What's comin', Sam; a storm?" "Snow," answered the scout shortly, "a blizzard of it, er I lose my guess. 'Fore midnight yer won't be able ter see yer hand afore yer face. I've been out yere in them things afore, an' they're sure hell. If we don't git sight o' thet outfit mighty soon, 't ain't likely we ever will. I've been expectin' that wind to shift nor'east all day—then we'll get it." He got down on his knees, endeavoring to decipher some faint marks on the sand. "Two of 'em disappeared yere, an Injun an' a white—'n big feller by his hoof prints—an' they went on leadin' their hosses. Goin' into camp, I reckon—sure, here's the spot now. Well, I'll be damned!"

Both men stood staring—under protection of a sand ridge was a little blackened space where some mesquite chips had been burned, and all about it freshly trampled sand, and slight impressions where men had outstretched themselves. Almost at Wesson's feet fluttered a pink ribbon, and beyond the fire circle lay the body of a man, face up to the sky. It was Connors, a ghastly bullet hole between his eyes, one cheek caked black with blood. The Sergeant sprang across, and bent over the motionless form.



"Thar's Nothin' Goin' to Happen to Her While This Bunch is on the Move."

blinded by the icy deluge. The polting of the hall startled the horses, and in spite of every effort of the riders, they drifted to the right, tails to the storm. The swift change was magical. The sharp particles of icy snow seemed to swirl upon them from every direction, sucking their very breath, bewildering them, robbing them of all sense of direction. Within two minutes the men found it impossible to penetrate the wintry shroud except for a few feet ahead of them.

The Sergeant knew what it meant, for he had had experience of these plains storms before.

(To be continued)

BREAKING INTO POULTRY

By Fred Grundy

One of the queries that comes to me most frequently from would be poultry keepers is: "How can I best make a safe start in the poultry business?" Many living in villages and cities say they have not a fowl or chick, but would like to keep just a few to provide eggs for their own tables. One says: "I take a big poultry magazine and have access to two more, and I asked this question of each, and they gave a list of necessities that footed up thirty-five to eighty dollars. Now I come for a bit of common sense and reasonable-ness."

The first advice I give every beginner is to let incubators alone. Stick to the hen. After you learn how to hatch and raise chicks with hens and you begin to feel that you understand the business you can tackle an incubator and get your eye teeth cut.

The orthodox advice of the poultry journals to the beginner is to purchase a trio or pen from some breeder for about twenty-five to fifty dollars and start "right." My advice is to buy two or three one year old hens and five or six good sized pullets from some poultry raiser near you. Have him pick you good birds from his flock. They will probably cost you a dollar each. Do not buy any male. You do not need one. He eats as much as a hen, makes more noise than a whole flock of hens and is of no use whatever.

To the beginner who is very short of cash I would advise the purchase of a hen and brood of chicks. The poultryman will want a dollar for the hen and about fifteen cents apiece for the chicks and one can buy from ten to twenty chicks. Twenty is not too many, and the hen will care for them well in a coop made of a goods box covered with a piece of prepared roofing. Ten feet of one inch mesh poultry netting two feet wide fastened to stakes driven in the ground will make a good yard for them. When the hen begins to fly out of this pen cover it with a piece of two inch mesh poultry netting and keep her in. Simply tie this netting with bits of string and tie the side netting to the stakes with string. It will last as long as needed.

A house for eight or ten hens can be made from a piano or organ box, but I prefer one that is large enough to shelter me while I attend to the birds.

I would make it about six feet wide eight or ten long, and high enough to stand up in. It may be constructed of goods boxes knocked apart or of a cheap grade of lumber. I prefer the latter. Then it should be entirely covered with a good grade of prepared roofing. The roofing does not cost much, and it makes the roof rain proof. One can fit up the interior to suit himself, but small box nests and low perches are really about all that is needed. The run connected with the house may be four to eight feet wide and as long as desired. It should be about thirty inches high, entirely enclosed and covered with two inch mesh poultry netting. Where one has free range the run is not needed, but in town it is a necessity. When the run or yard is covered with netting one does not need to clip the flights off one wing, as he must if the yard is open.

A Few Better Than Many
The variety of fowls the beginner should select should be one of the utility sort. Any of the Plymouth Rocks, or Wyandottes, or Rhode Island Reds. In confinement these varieties lay as many eggs as the so called egg breeds do on range, while they thrive much better because not so restless.

One thing the beginner in town or country must guard against is keeping too large a number. A few do much better than a large number. One lady living in a village not far from me has four Plymouth Rock hens that have laid four eggs a day for weeks. They are very ordinary looking birds and have no secret egg marks or signs about them, but they deliver the goods just the same.

Another lady I know, living in town has a house and run like the one I have described and keeps six hens in it and these six have laid almost continuously for the past year. They have averaged four eggs a day at that time, while many people keeping fifty to a hundred hens have not received enough eggs for their own use.

These two little flocks seem to be perfectly contented. They have the scraps from the table and a feeding box always supplied with a mixture of coarse cornmeal, bran and middlings or shorts. They have plenty of water and crushed oyster shell all

the time.

What One Man Does For His Flock

A mechanic living in town has a flock of twelve hens in a house and run like the one described except that his run is made in sections four by twelve feet which have a small door at each end. These sections are placed end to end ordinarily, but are switched about the lot so as to cover garden plots that have had the principal part of the vegetables removed. These the hens scratch over thoroughly each season and eat all stray worms, bugs and green stuff that may be left in them. This man has all the eggs the family uses the year around from those twelve hens. And he also has one of the best little gardens in his town. His runs are easily moved about, and his hens thoroughly cultivate each vegetable bed as soon as the vegetables are removed. This year he had two fine beds of radishes and lettuce too far away for his runs to reach. After the best of the vegetables were removed he called the hens into one of the runs as soon as he arose in the morning and then dragged the run on the beds, and left it there until time to go to work, when he pulled it back to the other runs. This man buys six pullets each autumn from a farmer who has good birds, and uses the six two year hens, which they replace on his table. Last spring he bought fifteen eggs from his farmer, placed them under one of his hens and hatched fourteen chicks which he raised in a coop and one of his runs. They now weigh over three pounds each. He says he licks his chops every time he looks at them. Not one of these

parties keep a male to annoy the neighbors with his useless crowing.

It costs very little to get into the business on a small scale if one manages right. It costs very little to keep a small flock, and the saving in the cost of living is quite large.

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S. P. Duffield, Ph. D., M. D., Emeritus Prof., Detroit Medical College, Dearbornville, Mich.
Sold by Thomas Allison, Smithfield, Utah.—Adv.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING OF LOGAN NORTHERN IRRIGATION COMPANY

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of Logan Northern Irrigation Company will be held in the court house, Logan on Monday, December 8, 1913 at 1 o'clock p. m. of that day for the purpose of hearing the annual report of the company and transacting any other business that may come before the meeting.

LARS C. PETERSON,

Secretary.

Dated at Logan, November 26, 1913.
—Advertisement. 46

FLOWERS FADE



BUT MONEY IN THE BANK

KEEPS ON GROWING
Copyright 1909, by C. E. Zimmerman Co.—No. 16

TAKE all the beautiful things in life. The flowers—they wither away and die—youth departs, and our joys vanish. But there is one thing upon which time leaves no corroding mark—money. Let's have some growing.

First National Bank

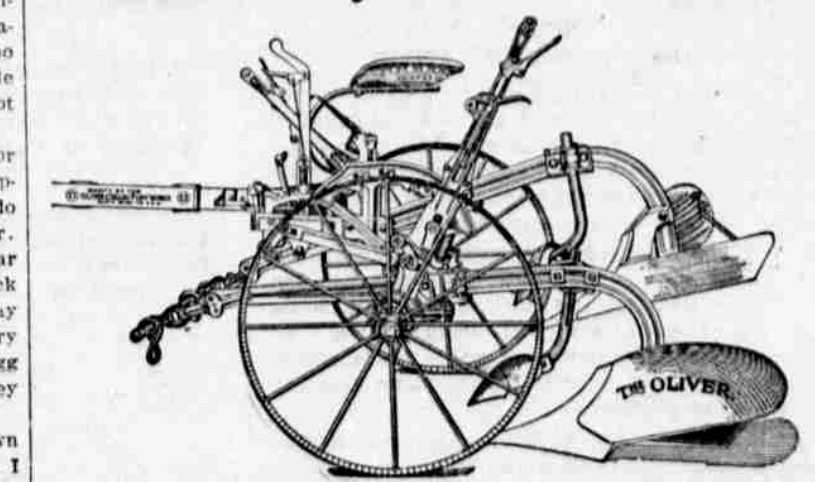
Logan, Utah.

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